Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech; ſtand aſide, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, Ifaith.

Fal. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake, Lords, conuay my truſtfull Queene,
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it, as like one of theſe harlotrie plaiers, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.
Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou ſpendeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomill, the more it is troden on, the faſter it growes: ſo youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: that thou art my ſon, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion, but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lies the point: why, beeing ſonne to mee, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen, prooue a micher, and eat blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſon of England, proue a theefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the cõpanie thou keepeſt: for Harry, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſsiõ; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man ifaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleaſing eie, & a moſt noble carriage, & as I think, his age ſome fiftie, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember mee, his name is *Falſtalffe*: if that man ſhould bee lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: & tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin, this month?

Prin.

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake like a king? do thou ſtand for m
ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo grauely, ſo maie
ly both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for
bet ſucker, or a poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am ſet.

Falſ. And here I ſtand, iudge, my maſters.

Prin. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falſ. My noble Lord, from Eaſtcheape.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſ. Zblood, my Lord, they are falſe: nay, ile tickle y
yong prince Ifaith.

Prin. Sweareſt thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne're
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there i
uill haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of an olde fat man, a tun
is thy companion: why doeſt thou conuerſe with that trun
humours, that boultinghutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne
of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſacke, that ſtuft cloake
guts, that roſted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding in h
ly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruffia
vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taſte ſacke & c
it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? w
in cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villanie? w
in villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in not

Falſ. I would your grace would take mee with you, w
meanes your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth
ſtalffe, that olde white bearded Sathan.

Falſ. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know, thou doeſt.

Falſ. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in m
were to ſay more then I know: that he is old, the more th
tie, his white haires doe witneſſe it, but that he is ſauing yo
uerence, a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if ſacke and
be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be old and mery be
thẽ many an old hoſt that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, be
hated, thẽ Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my goo
baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardol, baniſh Poines, but for ſweet